

Mr. Charlesworth.

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

With an Eight Page Supplement of "RECORD OF UNITARIAN WORTHIES."

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TO THE READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

We beg to call their special attention to pages 190 and 191 this month. In the proposed Supplement for 1876, which will include about fifty pages of matter, every subscriber will have a compendium of Unitarian History and the present position of the Unitarian cause throughout the world.

MRS. BARBAULD'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

The Rev. John Kenrick, of York, asks us to publish in the January CHRISTIAN FREEMAN the address of Mrs. Barbauld, which she wrote in 1828. He says: "It has all the characteristics of her prose writings—a rythm that charms the ear—simple eloquence of language." * * * * "Just as seasonable in January of 1876 as January, 1828." We gladly accede to this request, and we thank Mr. Kenrick for the valuable hint. Our readers may therefore look for it in our January number.

Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE UNITARIAN ALMANAC FOR 1876.—We have seen the advance sheets of this valuable manual. It contains a vast amount of interesting Unitarian information. Can be had at the Unitarian Rooms, London. Price 6d.

YOUNG DAYS.—The Sunday School Association (Unitarian) announces for January, 1876, a new illustrated monthly for our young people. The size will be twelve pages, quarto; price 1d. Address, Mr. I. M. Wade, 37, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.—We have heard many reasons for the failure of our cause at different places. This is a new one on the closing of Darwen Chapel about the end of the last century: "The minister at Darwen was riding in a vehicle with his wife (when there was a flood such as there has been lately) and his wife was drowned. The minister afterwards told his congregation that he now believed in the Godhead of Christ. He met Jesus on the banks of the river, and he told him that he was the Almighty. Since that time the Unitarians have had no service in Darwen."

LITURGIES.—In the returns made to the Unitarian Association in the year 1830, it was stated that liturgies were then used "in fifteen places of worship in England and Wales." In how many now?

CLOSING CHURCHES.—It is a poor business closing places of Unitarian worship. Of ninety-four churches that made returns, forty-five years ago to the Rev. W. J. Fox, then secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, ten of those have been closed in forty-five years.

UNITARIAN WORSHIP IN FRANCE.—A reliable correspondent informs us that there are over two hundred churches in France where the worship and the instruction are Unitarian. There may be more. An estimate made by another friend of our cause is that half at least of all the reformed Protestant Churches in France are Unitarian.

THE NEW TRANSLATION NEEDED.—An orthodox reader of the *Christian Freeman* has sent us not a few strictures on some of our recent articles, and clenches the appeal to Scripture by the "three heavenly witnesses." Gentlemen of the Revision Committee, push on your work. It is very much needed. Many of the Trinitarian witnesses will then step down from the box, and be heard of no more for ever.

MR. HERFORD'S DEPARTURE.—The Rev. Brook Herford, with Mrs. Herford and family, leave England for the United States, in January, 1876. We shall all feel, and for long, our loss to our churches. He will carry with him to his new sphere of labour the good wishes of every Unitarian church and family this side the Atlantic.

THEODORE PARKER.—The *Liberal Christian* says:—"Full justice was not done to Theodore Parker in his day; but it was not so much what he said, as his sneers at the convictions of opponents, and his harsh judgments of their motives, that led to the severest criticism of his course. As to the 'storm of abuse' which he received from Dr. Gannett, Dr. Frothingham, Dr. Bartol, Dr. Bellows, &c., it is well known that if their words were vinegar, his were gall. He persecuted them worse than they ever persecuted him."

THE PROGRESS OF UNIVERSALISM.—We are now struck with the great progress of Universalism in all Churches. It is a very hopeful sign of the times. The following is an extract from a sermon recently published by a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. J. Congreve:—"For one, I do not very highly prize a heaven where I may be at home in a Father's mansions, whilst many of my friends, and the largest part of my poor fellow-sinners and fellow-sufferers, are shut out, and are in some place where no light and no hope can reach them for ever. I could not thank a God who so planned that only a very few favoured creatures can be the better for having been born, and all the rest much the worse—I could not think a God of this sort worthy of any worship; much less could I think of Him as a Father, or of heaven as a Father's home."

MISS CARPENTER IN INDIA.—Some time ago the following appeared in *Chambers' Journal*. It is more true to-day than even then, and we reprint it for the benefit of ladies who can spare some time to follow the example of one we are all proud of. "Mary Carpenter offers a laudable instance of feminine and well-considered benevolence. Beginning with the establishment of a reformatory school at Bristol forty years ago, she may be said to have consecrated her life to the work of social melioration. Her labours are, perhaps, best known in connection with female education in India. She has visited that distant part of the empire three or four times, and stimulated measures for instructing native women, as a means for raising the mental culture of the whole population. Deeply imbedded prejudices were to be overcome, but her task, though difficult, has to a certain extent been suc-

cessful. Reformatory and industrial schools for boys and girls, a working man's club and reading-rooms, are numbered in Miss Carpenter's miscellaneous undertakings. It would need a book to describe her pilgrimages, her labours, and all the practical good she has aimed at. England has reason to be proud of Mary Carpenter."

UNITARIAN HYMN WRITERS.—We have recently looked over a large number of hymn-books in use among our churches, and we find there are about one hundred authors we may call Unitarian hymn writers. Dr. Putnam's volume of "American Unitarian Hymn Writers" contains about seventy names. The companion volume of "European Unitarian Hymn Writers" will contain about one hundred names. This volume we trust will be issued in 1876.

MR. MOODY'S MOTHER AND BROTHER.—Mr. Moody's attempt to convert his mother and brother at Northfield has utterly failed. Both mother and brother attended the Unitarian Convention at Brattleboro' a few weeks ago as the delegates from the Northfield congregation. A writer in the *Inquirer* says:—"The mother's face reminds one of some of the most trustful and devout portraits of Roman Catholic women. The energy of her younger days is now hidden behind a calm peacefulness."

MR. J. T. B. BEAUMONT.—At the present time a course of Unitarian lectures is being delivered in the Beaumont Institute, Mile-end, London. Some of the readers of the *CHRISTIAN FREEMAN* may not have forgotten Mr. Beaumont, who founded the Institute over forty years ago, and left a large property for its support. He was a theist pure and simple, and organised a society for worship on this basis. The service has long ceased. He was a man of many remarkable qualities. One anecdote is enough to set forth his courage. As a major of a corps of sharpshooters, he exhibited his confidence in his men by holding in his hand, on one occasion, the target, while they discharged their guns.

THE FUTURE LIFE.—One of our ministers writes: "I am moved to call your attention to two texts which seem to me strongly to imply the faith of Jesus in the recognition of the risen spirits beyond death, which I do not find referred to in the contribution of Mr. J. S. Lee to the *Christian Freeman* of this month. They are (1) the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, in which the rich man (even in a state of punishment) recognises Lazarus, holds a conversation with Abraham, and is moved with affection for the brothers he has left behind. This last point has always seemed to me an argument in favour of the reformatory character

Jesus attached to future punishment. (2) The second passage is where Jesus says to the thief, 'This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.' That implies surely the idea of continued personality. The two passages, moreover, are powerful arguments in favour of Jesus having believed in the spirit passing immediately into another world, without suspension of consciousness."

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—In the annual report of the Swedenborgian Society, London, it is stated that forty-three Unitarian ministers during the past year have asked for and received the volume of Swedenborg, called the "True Christian Religion." All ministers can have it on application at their offices in Bloomsbury, London.

PREJUDICE.—The Philosophical and Literary Institute of one of our Midland towns until recently held some of their meetings in a public hall, which used to be let for all kinds of meetings, often for tomfoolery. Since the hall has been occupied by the Unitarians, the philosophers and literati of that town have declined to hold their meetings there. We presume these gentlemen have heard the names of the Unitarians Priestley, Newton, Locke, Franklin, Bentham, Lamb, Roscoe, Milton, Wedgwood, &c. &c. How these savans would have blushed to have belonged to such an Institute.

CHURCH CEREMONIALS.—At St. Matthias' Church, London, they have introduced a processional hymn for St. Matthias' Day, at the end of each verse of which is the following refrain:—

" Swing the incense, raise the anthem,
Praise our God to whom belong
All the worship man can offer,
All the praise of sense and song."

This chorus is worth quoting, not more because of what it says about "incense" than the novelty of its mention of God. Such mention in such a quarter is exceptional. Orientologists have offered many explanations of the fact that in all India there has never been a temple raised to Brahma, the head of the Hindoo Trinity, and the fact has apparently been overlooked that in Christendom no church has ever been dedicated to Jehovah or to the First Person of the Trinity. Like Brahma, the Father has been so shoved into the background to make way for later deifications and saints, that it is almost odd to find him respectfully mentioned in a new Ritualist hymn. An English lady told me that being at Avignon when the last festival of the Sacrament occurred (called Fête de Dieu—Feast of God) she asked a woman if she could do some work on that day. The woman replied, "Ah, I must not work

on that day ; it is the feast of God, you know, and He *ought* to have *one* day in the year for Himself, poor dear!" The French peasant's compassionate "poor dear" can hardly be considered misplaced in these days.—*Commercial.*

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.—Our friends in America have a Ladies' Commission on Sunday School Books. They have won the plaudits of all sects by their industry and intelligence. The Baptist *Examiner and Chronicle*, one of the best journals in Christendom, says: "How many purveyors for libraries, secular or religious, how many parents choosing books for their children, sift them as these ladies do the books proposed for the pupils of the Unitarian Sunday-schools."

TO UNITARIAN PREACHERS.—A public writer says:—"It is a fact that the 'Theology of Unitarianism,' with its cogent and eloquent discourses, and the most polished and elaborate paragraphs that have gone forth from human lips on the subject of sin and holiness, and life and death, refuses to discuss the thrilling and momentous themes of a future life. The best writers and ablest preachers of Unitarianism are vague and indefinite about the state and condition of souls hereafter. Some of their writers exhibit strong acumen, joined to great power of feeling, and would be very strong men if they would vivify their logic by appeals to Scripture."

A DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDING.—At one of the Unitarian lectures delivered at Llanelli a few weeks ago, quite a mob took possession of the hall. The papers of the town and district chastise the opponents of Unitarianism for such a proceeding. Some papers have leaders upon it. One paper, the *Welshman*, has the following:—"It ended in a scuffle or 'free fight' taking place near the platform, the gas was turned off, and it almost ended in a stampede. Fortunately no accident occurred. The zeal of the 'orthodox' defenders of the faith evidently over-ran their discretion ; they had not their mob of friends and followers sufficiently under control. Threats of violence were freely used against the lecturer, and it is a wonder that he escaped unhurt. The opposition was an *organised* one, got up with the sole object of stifling discussion and silencing free inquiry. The Radical-political but Conservative-religious party are afraid that anybody's opinions should be even made known excepting their own. 'Orthodoxy' and 'true religion' might well pray to be 'saved from its friends.' There was neither freedom of opinion nor free discussion allowed here by a mob who came direct from their prayer-meetings to behave like roughs and fanatics."

ONE CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT a nice, warm scarf you are knitting, Mrs. Bell!" exclaimed Mrs. Richards, as she took the wraps of her visitor, while the latter unrolled to the admiring gaze of her friend a large, but only partially completed, and brilliantly bordered scarf.

"I like it," complacently remarked Mrs. Bell, a woman always thoroughly satisfied not only with herself, Mr. Bell and the little Bells, but with her housekeeping, her work and her world.

"Of course Mr. Bell knows nothing about it," and Mrs. Bell glanced significantly at the ball of wool before her. "It's his Christmas present. I've had a time getting it on so far, for he's a man who pops into the house at all hours. I thought I could work in quiet here."

"I am happy to see you, and wish I was keeping you company on one for John; he really needs one," and Mrs. Richards' voice faltered, "but John says money is tight, and then he thinks this making presents at Christmas all nonsense."

"Well, there's where we don't agree!" exclaimed Mrs. Bell. "We have always practised remembering each other at Christmas by making some gift, sometimes trifling, perhaps."

"It always seems very pleasant to be thus remembered. When I lived at home the day was ever one of rejoicing, and a great holiday, and we looked forward to it from year to year," sadly remarked Mrs. Richards. "While Johnny, our boy, was living, I always bought or made him some little thing, although his father thought it a foolish indulgence; but you know, Mrs. Bell, money is not so plenty here as with you."

It was on the tip of Mrs. Bell's outspoken tongue to say, "No reason why it shouldn't be," but she remembered the sad-faced woman before her was not to blame for the conduct of her penurious, tight-fisted lord and master, and she replied—

"Your family is so much smaller than ours, of course your expenses are necessarily much less; but I mustn't forget I

was wanting to see you about a project I have in view, and get your help, and I'll broach it now, as it would be just like me to go home without thinking of it again. Do you ever paint now?"

"Do you mean in oil, Mrs. Bell, for I have painted in both oil and water colours?"

"On canvas, I mean, just like the painting you have in the parlour. I suppose it's oil."

"Oh, yes. I was once very fond of painting, and when a girl could paint very creditably, my teacher said. I've not touched a brush for a long while, certainly not since Johnny died. While the little fellow was poorly I used to let him play with my paints." A bright tear drop settled on the stocking Mrs. Richards was darning, and a few moments' silence reigned in the little sitting-room, broken at last by Mrs. Bell, who inquired—

"Would you object to painting me a small picture, something like the little landscape over the mantle? I want to send something to my brother's daughter."

"It takes a good deal of time, and I am not equal to painting as well now; but I might try—oh, if I could!" and Mrs. Richards' face lighted up as she spoke. "I have recently had some time I could have devoted to this work, but now let me see," and Mrs. Richards calculated a moment. "I think by carefully planning my work, I may be able to sit a couple of hours at my easel, at least three or four days in the week; oh, if I could spend some of that time in making a scarf for John!"

There was more eagerness in Mrs. Richards' voice than she was aware, and Mrs. Bell quickly exclaimed—

"You shall, for I will advance the pay, or enough of it, at least, to enable you to buy your materials, and you leave the painting to be done after Christmas, and go right to work on the scarf."

"I don't suppose it's any of my business, Mrs. Richards, but if Mr. Richards was my husband, I should tell him I must have such and such things."

"When my husband says he cannot afford a thing we can do without, I've

no disposition to argue with him. I think he knows very much more about his affairs than I do," said Mrs. Richards.

"Yes; but when you know he *can* afford it," persistently exclaimed the indefatigable Mrs. Bell.

"I don't know it," and Mrs. Richards' manner said plainly she wished the subject dropped.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Richards was not a bad man by any means. He was a moral, upright man, honourable, although close in all his dealings with his fellow men.

This constant system of penurious dealings with his wife—and a wife in whom he had every reason to place the most implicit confidence—was becoming a real cause of sorrow to the good woman. Their family was always large, two or three, and sometimes more, of the shop hands boarding with them, and, save when Johnny was a baby, and a few weeks before he came, she had never hired a week's work done. She wondered sometimes if John would have been a different man had he had such a woman as Mrs. Bell for a wife. She knew Mrs. Bell would have insisted she had some right to the earnings, and carried her point, at the expense of domestic happiness.

The next afternoon Mrs. Richards, having purchased her materials for "love's labour," set to work with a look on the good little woman's face which made her appear five years younger. It was such a new thing—such a delight to be making a nice present for John, all from her own earnings.

That day a little scene was being enacted at her husband's workshop, where were congregated half a dozen workmen, which was destined to effect quite a change in the life of the sad-eyed woman who bent silently over her ease.

The conversation in the little shop had been upon the approaching anniversary, when one of the workmen, a broad-shouldered, good-natured son of toil said—

"What do ye say, Heywood, to gettin' up a present for Mrs. Richards?"

"Guess 'twould be an era in her life."

"I like that idea, Heywood!" exclaimed a little wiry fellow, who answered to the very amusing name of Giants, "I'll fork down, for if there's a woman deserving of my gratitood its Mrs. Richards."

"I don't believe much in this kind of charity in most cases," remarked slow-speaking Billy Jones, "and I've enough ways for my money, my family pretty well knows. But I hain't quite forgot what good care Mrs. Richards took of my lame hand, or her pleasant ways and kind words; them things don't cost anything, I know, but they are mighty scarce in some wimmen."

"Suppose the money would really do the woman more good than anything else. Richards' wife dresses shabbier than any women dependent upon his workmen. I wouldn't let my sister go out with so poor a cloak as Mrs. Richards wears to meeting. It's a positive shame and disgrace when a man is able to dress his wife decent. You ain't spoke yet, Lonsel. Don't you want to give anything?"

"I've not fully made up my mind," said a pleasant voice, and Harry Lonsel turned his refined, intelligent face towards the last speaker. "I am afraid where we intend to please we should only wound. Mrs. Richards is a very sensitive woman, and if we make her a gift of something she absolutely needs, it will cast a reproach upon the man who should supply her wants. And no one would be quicker to feel this than she. I'll give as much as any of you towards gettin' up a sort of testimonial of our great respect and regard to her, something she perhaps does not need; but I dare not give towards getting her wardrobe replenished. I don't think Richards would like it either."

In a little recess, rudely partitioned off from both the front and back shop, stood a man apparently absorbed over his ledger. His face wore a peculiar expression of astonishment, indignation and outraged dignity. The reader will have no difficulty in recognising him to be no other than John Richards himself. To say his ears tingled with

shame, and his face glowed with vexation, would be to very mildly express the state of fermentation he was in. One moment he could hardly refrain from rushing out, in his heat, and dismissing the whole band of conspirators; the next, he was wiser, and resolved to beat a quiet retreat, and think the matter over when he was not so agitated. To do this man justice he had never once thought that he was not a model husband in every respect, and that his wife could ever really want such foolish things, or be unhappy to be denied in such a trifling matter as dress or housekeeping appointments, he could hardly believe. As he thought the matter over while riding that frosty morning, he perceived, for the first time, he had been a little close, and saw that his wife, though she looked neat and tidy always, went out but little, and he wondered if her limited wardrobe had anything to do with her staying at home so closely.

CHAPTER III.

The day before Christmas dawned clear and bright, and Mr. Richards, while commenting upon the prospect of fine weather at Christmas, asked his wife if she had any objections to his inviting all the workmen and their families to join them at dinner next day.

Mrs. Richards was so thoroughly confounded by this unexpected generosity, and the suggestion of a Christmas dinner-party, she did not know what to say.

Had the millennium really dawned?

Mrs. Richards did not think so any more than the group of workmen assembled in the work-shop, that morning, when Mr. Richards quietly asked those who were not already members of his family to eat their Christmas dinner at his house.

"Don't forget, Sessions and Jones, I include your wives and little ones in the invitation," he said, as they left the shop to go home to dinner.

The invitation was the cause of much speculation by the workmen, but they one and all concluded it must have been a suggestion of his wife, for he never would have thought of such a thing himself.

Never dawned a brighter or more jubilant Christmas morning. The air was keen and frosty, and not a cloud floated in the clear azure above. A little snow had fallen the night previous, and all unsightly objects were covered with its pure feathery flakes; not a twig or bough, or unsightly fence-rail but glowed and flashed in the morning sunlight, as though crowned with dazzling gems. The whole brown surface of mother earth looked as though it had been freshly frosted, like a bridal loaf, in honour of a world's rejoicing.

Mrs. Richards had found herself so weary after her hard day's toil, that it was late before she awoke to the memory of the day before her, and the new but agreeable duties she was to perform. She hastily dressed herself, and, trying to incase her foot in its neat boot, discovered it already occupied. Turning the contents into her hand, she discovered a well-filled purse, and a little billet-doux, done up in John's peculiar manner, and directed to herself. Turning to the window, the dim light revealed the following lines:—

"*MY PRECIOUS MARY*,—I have just come to my senses, and although I have always known you to be 'the dearest woman in the world,' you certainly have been the cheapest one to support, all owing to the niggardliness of the man who had not sufficient manhood or sense or liberality, or whatever you may call it, to do differently."

Was John crazy? But Mrs. Richards could not stop to consider that point long, and stepping out into the kitchen, where a bright fire was already blazing, she found John, apparently in the possession of all his faculties, as he stood gazing with admiration at the warm, beautiful scarf which his wife had flung on his cap after he had retired.

"O, John, you are so good, how can I thank you?" and the wife's arm stole around John's neck, where he had already placed the scarf.

"By looking happy, Mary, and not saying anything about it. But it strikes me I'm the one who is under obligation. It's a beautiful scarf, dear, and your own work, I know, which will always make it very precious to me."

There were so many steps to be taken that morning, that Mrs. Richards told her husband she thought she could not go to church with him; but he seemed so desirous of her company, and assuring her Bessie was competent to watch the turkey and pudding, she resolved to go. Passing into the closet where her cloak hung in preparing herself for church, her astonishment culminated as she took down from its place a shining new black beaver cloak of fashionable cut and elaborate finish.

"John Richards, what does this mean?" and the good wife's eyes dilated with perfect amazement.

"It means eight years is about long enough to wear one cloak; and then, you know, it's Christmas morning, one morning in the year when it is very proper to be mystified. I don't think your old furs will look very well with this cloak, do you, Mary?" and Mr. Richards followed his wife, whom he found wiping her eyes, and trying to say—

"You—are—so—thoughtful, John, and it is such a rich, nice cloak—too good for me."

"It does look pretty well on you, I confess. Hey! What have you found now—another nest of vipers?" exclaimed Mr. Richards, as his wife uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"I can't find my furs, and some one has put these beautiful sables in my old box," and Mrs. Richards held up a handsome collar and muff of that beautiful fur.

"It's a very mysterious affair, but I would put them right on, or we shall be late to church."

"O, John, I dare not, the new cloak will almost crush me. I couldn't wear so many nice things at once. I should feel them out of place on me, and that I was a mark for curiosity."

A look of pain shot over John's sunny face, for he had been enjoying his wife's amazement and joy, and this remark convinced him to what depths she had been humiliated.

"For my sake wear them, and try to act as though you had the right of dressing as well as your neighbours, as you certainly have. Be assured I can afford these, or I should not have been foolish enough to buy them."

"I will please you, certainly, John," and the pretty woman—for she was pretty when not too sad—adjusted her new velvet hat, and taking her muff joined her husband at the door.

"Mary, you always looked lovely to me, but I never realised before the difference dress makes in even a fine-looking woman. I declare, nice, elegant things do improve a woman's looks wonderfully," and John Richards surveyed his wife, clad in warm, rich garments, with a lover-like devotion that he would once have denominated "silly."

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Richards was a nice cook at all times, and when having an abundance of the "good things" to do with, had no superior in that art.

The huge brown turkey came from the brick oven, odorous with savoury stuffing; the chicken-pie was a masterpiece of perfection of its kind; the oysters were of the right flavour, and the Christmas plum-pudding, just taken from the pot, light as a feather, and fairly bursting with its own goodness. The little Jones and Sessions, who watched this interesting proceeding, for they could not be kept from that most attractive of all places for a hungry child—the kitchen—confidently assured each other, while their eyes were as round as a full moon, "there were heaps of plums in it, they knew." The rows of delicate, flaky pies on the long table were tempting, but nothing under the sun entrances a child like a pudding with "heaps of plums in it."

A little later in the afternoon another scene took place we must not fail to chronicle.

"Now, Bessie, if you will step into the sitting-room and get from the china-closet a couple of Britannia tea-pots, and coffee-urn, we shall soon be ready," and Mrs. Richards set the coffee-pot on the table to "settle."

"Isn't it these beautiful silver things ye mane?" and Bessie came laden with an elegant silver tea-urn in one hand, and coffee-urn in the other.

"Sure, marm, I could find no ither," said the hand-maid, as Mrs. Richards stood looking at her, unable to speak.

John Richards had followed Bessie

into the kitchen, apparently as much astonished as his wife.

"John Richards, am I dreaming, or have you turned fairy, and can convert old Britannia into silver, as well as pumpkins into chariots?"

"I'm as innocent here as you, Bessie, and you'll have to go further for a solution of the mystery; only bear in mind, it's Christmas."

From certain signs of the happy group assembled around the beautifully laid table, and the remark of one little fellow that "he knew all 'bout the teapots," Mrs. Richards soon solved the mystery. Her expressions of pleasure, and hearty thanks for the useful and beautiful gift were as sincere as they were touching, and none present but realised "it was more blessed to give than receive."

Probably never in the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Richards had they so thoroughly enjoyed a Christmas as this, and they resolved that henceforth that holiday should be appropriately observed by gathering at their table those who were employed by Mr. Richards. In numberless ways Mr. and Mrs. Richards showed their appreciation of the thoughtful gift presented by these humble men. John Richards discovered he had never been so happy a man as since his "eyes were opened" through unintentional eaves-dropping; and though it is said, "listeners never hear any good of themselves," it is seen the result in one case was exceedingly gratifying all round.

John Richards kept his own counsel in relation to his "change of heart," as he called it, and was not a little amused to hear one of his men remark one day to a fellow-workman—

"Tell ye what, I believe somebody give Richards a bit of their mind. Never see such a change in a man in my life. Why, I'll be hanged, if Mrs. Richards isn't about the *stylishest* dressed woman in the meeting-house; somehow I can't help thinking that present we made had something to do about the change."

Mr. Richards smiled, and exclaimed under his breath—

"He's a better shot than he thinks."

S. M. DAMON.

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

We are often now told that liberality of thought and action have taken to reside outside the Christian circle. We have never once had any experience that this is true. A passage from Mrs. Grote's "Personal life of George Grote" is very significant of the kind of liberality in the mere secular mind.

When the Chair of Logic at University College, London, became vacant, "the Dissenters saw an opportunity for introducing another of their important body into the position of teacher of philosophy, and, with infinite address, brought out their 'great gun' in the person of the Rev. James Martineau."

"When Grote learned this fact, he was almost dismayed; well aware of the power exercised in the institution by the Unitarian section of the proprietary, he foresaw a collision between that party and those members of the council who were attached to the principles of University College in their strict purity. To have endured Hoppus for a quarter of a century was bad enough, but, when a ray of light was about to break upon that benighted chair, to be threatened with an eminent theologian, with an Unitarian minister!" It was overpowering, for the moment. The effect could only be compared to that made upon the mind of 'Christian,' when he beheld the figure of Apollyon 'bestraddling the pathway.'

"Grote, however, felt, along with that excellent person in the allegory of Bunyan, nowise disposed 'to give it up,' and, again like Christian, 'felt for his sword.' Not a weapon of steel, certes, but the instrument of the age in which he excelled, namely, persuasive speech. He also wrote, indeed, vast quantities of matter on the subject, which exhausted all that could be said on the side he defended."

"Had the chair fallen to the Unitarian teacher, I feel persuaded that the interest which, for nearly forty years, Mr. Grote has felt in the prosperity and purposes of the college, would infallibly have received a check of a painful kind, and thus probably indisposed him to remain a member of its council."

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

AN impartial examination of the history of the various departments of ancient and modern science and of medicine, shows that the men who have been the most successful in discovering laws and framing enduring systems, have been, according to their times, religious men. Others, who have fostered the spirit of scepticism, have been, in some instances, distinguished for collecting and arranging facts and applying the principles and discoveries of science; but the original thinkers, the men who have enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge, and who have presided as legislators in the councils of learning, have been men of a devout spirit.

Go back to the periods when Grecian philosophy flourished, and you will find that the leaders of the atheistical schools have lost their influence, and their works have perished, while others retain their eminence, and their works are studied to this day. Compare, for example, Democritus and Plato, the one born 460 years before Christ, and the other 430. Both were men of genius and learning, and published many volumes of their writings. But Democritus, after spending a large portion in travelling and acquiring knowledge, advocated atheistic views, and what is his influence to-day? Of his numerous works not one remains. On the other hand, Plato, who was a believer in God, and entertained many just views of the Divine government and the future life, exerts an influence in all circles of literature and departments of science, and his works may be found in every extensive library.

The name of Archimedes has come down to us connected with some of the most brilliant discoveries in the science of mechanics and in geometry. Now the powers of this gifted intellect were stimulated by just views of the Deity, and a conception of an all-pervading system of laws, springing from a first great cause.

In modern times, the greatest names in astronomy, chemistry, botany, animal physiology, and the science of

mechanics, are names that shine with the lustre of the Christian faith. It is recorded of Galileo, that he "constantly recognises the divine presence in nature, frequently takes the fundamental truths of religion for the premises of his arguments, and writes as one who is searching out the thoughts of God." "Pascal, second to none in keen, scientific insight, threw his fame, as a philosopher, into the background by the lustre of his religious character and his apostolic fervour. . . . Boyle, in his investigation of natural laws, professed himself constantly under the guidance of religious ideas, and as a philosopher, viewed everything in its bearings upon the divine attributes and administration. . . . Copernicus defends his system of the universe by considerations drawn from the symmetry and harmony to be looked for in the works of God. . . . Newton speaks of science as chiefly to be valued because it brings us nearer to the knowledge of the Supreme First Cause."

So in the department of medicine, the most valuable discoveries and richest benefits have come through men governed by a religious faith.

Go back five centuries before Christ, and you find Hippocrates, by far the most eminent and influential physician of that period, nobly combating the atheistical schools of Greece and Rome, with arguments drawn from the divine power, wisdom, and goodness displayed in the structure of the human frame.

If you will trace the history of the gifted and learned Galen (born A.D. 131), the warm admirer, and, in some respects, the superior of Hippocrates, you will see that while he was influenced in a degree by the philosophy of the Stoics, the Academics, and the Peripatetics, he utterly discarded the reasoning and principles of the Epicureans, and was actuated by the religious sentiments that the light of that period afforded.

Sydenham, the distinguished physician of London in the seventeenth century, whose intellectual abilities and scientific researches won for him a wide reputation, was a firm believer in the doctrines of the Christian Faith.

Boerhaave, the celebrated professor at Leyden, and afterwards rector of the University, whose genius threw a lustre on the institution, and whose fame drew crowds of patients from every quarter, was in the habit of spending an hour every morning in private religious exercises.

Haller, who for nineteen years was professor of anatomy, surgery, and botany, at Gottingen, and who made contributions to various departments of science and literature, was an earnest defender of the Christian Faith.

But time would fail me to speak of Hartley, Rush, the eminent Linnaeus, and a host of others, whose genius and piety substantiate the doctrine that we have laid down, and throw into the shade all the infidelity that has dishonoured the medical profession. In fact, in every department and profession, those who are its chief ornaments, and have rendered the most notable services, have been men of profound religious faith.

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

WHEN things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown.
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whenever you can.
Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus despise to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached,
Don't cross the bridge before you,
Before the bridge is reached.
You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel—health.
And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse;
And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse!
But whether joy or sorrow
Fills up your mortal span,
Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whenever you can.

A LITTLE GIRL WHOM NOBODY LOVES.

By MRS. S. J. GOLDSMITH.

I KNOW such a little girl, and what do you think is the reason that every one dislikes her? She has a pretty face, and wears nice clothes—her cloak is trimmed with fur, and her hands are kept warm inside a white muff, so that when she walks out with her mamma she looks like a little queen,—yet everybody who knows her, dreads to see her coming to their house, for when she calls with her mamma, and the lady of the house says, "How do you do, miss Nellie?" she puts her fingers in her mouth and pulls her mother's dress. "Can't you speak to the lady?" asks mamma. "I ain't goin' to," replies Miss Nellie. Directly she climbs on the sofa and jumps on the cushions, when mamma says, "You must not do so, dear, the lady don't allow little girls to put their feet on the sofa." But she keeps on, and when her mother says again, "You *must not*"—the little hand is raised and she *strikes* her mamma!

When the call is over the lady is glad, for this naughty little girl has handled every thing within her reach—has cried for "something to eat"—and prevented all conversation between the ladies.

Do you wonder that nobody loves little Nellie? And I am sorry to say there are a great many children like her—and I think the reason is because they are not taught to be obedient to their parents.

Sometimes I visit in a family where the children are respectful and obedient to father and mother and polite to each other—but too often they are rude and impolite.

We all know how imitative children are, and that in families where parents are disrespectful to each other, the little ones are not very thoughtful for each other's happiness.

There is not a spot on earth so full of Heaven as a happy home, where all of the inmates are loving and kind. The possessor of such a home, be it ever so humble, is indeed rich. Little folks must remember a good name is better than riches, and loving favour than silver and gold.

THE LAST HOURS OF JOSEPH BARKER.

WE have not been more pleased for many a day than by the reading of the few earnest words of Mr. Barker when he felt the hand of death was upon him. His life has often appeared to us as little else than a wasted life. Sad thought! With such gifts as he possessed, he might have left a name and a fame to shine for ever in the firmament of religious reformation. It is not so. We do not constitute ourselves his judge. He is now at the bar of Him who judges righteously, and who pardons our wanderings and our sins. A contemporary says:—"He died on the 15th of September, on his own farm in the State of Nebraska, North America. The son of humble parents, he was born at Bramley, near Leeds, and in his youth he was first a local and afterwards a travelling preacher in the Methodist New Connection. About 1842 he was settled at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when his lax views in process of time began to give offence to his congregation, and an inquiry before the Conference resulted in his summary expulsion from the body. He still continued to hold services, however, in lecture-halls at Newcastle, the opinions he enunciated bearing, it is said, a close resemblance to those of the Society of Friends, especially in matters relating to Church government and his emphatic advocacy of peace doctrines. Opening a small printing-office, he published a periodical called "The Christian," and by the help of friends, chiefly Unitarians, he was able to start a larger printing-office at Wortley, near Leeds. A printing press, purchased by subscription, was presented to him at a public meeting, presided over by Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Bowring, then M.P. for Blackburn. The aid thus furnished was to enable him to publish works of liberal religious thought and of an instructive and educational character; and amongst his many cheap volumes the works of Dr. Channing occupied the foremost place. The Revolution of 1848 diverting his attention to politics, he started a periodical called "The People," and the extreme views

he advocated led to his arrest for sedition, though the prosecution was abandoned. In 1850 he emigrated to America, where he spent the next nine years of his life, becoming intimately associated with Lloyd Garrison and the other leaders of the Abolition party. On his return to England he became connected with the Secularists, but the more he diverged from orthodoxy in religion the more Conservative he became in politics, and his old friends were disgusted to find him all through the American war passionately espousing the cause of the South. In 1860 he abjured his sceptical notions, and became again a professor of Christianity, uniting with the Primitive Methodists. Subsequently he proposed to join the Church of England, but only on condition that he should receive ordination as a minister of that body, which was refused. On his first visit to America he had acquired for a merely nominal sum a large farm in Nebraska, and on this he settled some eight years ago, the construction of the Pacific Railroad having transformed it into a very valuable property. His occupation of farming he varied by preaching amongst different orthodox communities. His oratory has been likened to that of Cobbett, and in some other respects he resembled that remarkable man.

A correspondent of the *Christian World* adds:—"In a letter from his elder son he informs me that a few days before his death his father made a final arrangement of his affairs, and calling him, Mr. Gilbert, his lawyer, and Mr. Kellon, one of his trustees, to his bedside, said:—'I feel that I am approaching my end, and desire that you should receive my last words and be witness to them. I wish you to witness that I am in my right mind and fully understand what I have just been doing; and dying, that I die in the firm and full belief in Jesus Christ, and in the faith and love of His religion as revealed in His life and works, as described in the New Testament; that I have an abiding faith in and love of God, as God is revealed to us by his Son Jesus Christ; and I die trusting in God's infinite love and mercy, and in full faith of a future and better life.'

I am sorry for my past errors, but during the last years of my life I have striven to undo the harm I did by doing all I was able to serve God, by showing the beauty and wisdom of the religion of His Son Jesus Christ. I wish you to write down this, my last confession of faith, that there may be no doubt about it."

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I AM only a little sparrow—

A bird of low degree ;

My life is of little value ;

But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers ;

It is very plain, I know,

With never a speck of crimson,

For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,

And it shields me from the rain ;

Were it bordered with gold or purple,

Perhaps it would make me vain.

By-and-by when the Spring time cometh,

I will build myself a nest,

With many a chirp of pleasure,

In the spot I like the best.

And he will give me wisdom

To build it of leaves most brown ;

Warm and soft it must be for my birdies,

And so I will line it with down.

I have no barn or storehouse,

I neither sow nor reap ;

God gives me a sparrow's portion,

But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,

Close picking makes it sweet ;

I have always enough to feed me,

And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows ;

All over the world we are found ;

But our Heavenly Father knoweth

When one of us falls to the ground.

Tho' small—we are never forgotten ;

Tho' weak—we are never afraid ;

For we know that the dear Lord keepeth

The life of the creatures He made.

I fly thro' the thickest forests,

I light on many a spray ;

I have no chart nor compass,

But I never lose my way.

I fold my wings at twilight,

Wherever I happen to be ;

For the Father is always watching,

And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,

A bird of low degree ;

But I know that the Father loves me ;

Have you less faith than me ?

—From *Cheering Words.*

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

TWO LESSONS.

It is not always the lesson taught that is the longest remembered or that enters deepest into the scholar's life. The teacher's office is to teach the morality and religion of Christ as a means of developing Christian character, but what if while he teaches the ways of right and points out the paths of peace, the teacher is a devotee of fashion? The lady who appears before her class from Sunday to Sunday, a walking advertisement of the fancy fairs and milliners' shops, cannot fail to make an impression upon the members of her class. Teach what she may, but one lesson is learned, and that not on the leaf or in the book. Ribbons, flounces, ear-rings, and finger-rings are all seen, but not so the duties of daily life and the pleasures of holy living. That teacher may train a class whose law and Gospel will be the latest fashions, and whose golden rule will be the merchant's yard-stick, but thoughtful and earnest scholars she cannot have.

We do not declaim against fashion and wish for the good old times of our grandfathers and grandmothers, but surely there is moderation in all things, and especially when one stands in the sacred desk or before a class. The teacher who is absorbed in thoughts of dress, and lavishes the body with every adornment, will not be likely to teach others how to adorn the soul, or wear the garment of righteousness.

This is but one illustration of unconscious teaching, and we might give many more, but they are so manifest, a hint calls them to mind.

It is the same in family life as in the Sunday School. If the children see their parents expending their time and substance lavishly in mere show and gaudy decorations, they quickly learn to set an undue value on those forms of emptiness and vanity. It is a sad thing to direct the current of young life in the wrong direction. It is sowing to the wind to reap the whirlwind. Not a few of the thefts and failures in the world owe their origin to the passion for show. Parents and Sunday School teachers can do much to arrest this folly.

HOW TO USE THE BIBLE.

EXPOSITION NOT DEFENCE.

THERE are some who fear that the Bible is to be rejected or thrown on one side. They grow excited in its defence and make a strong cause appear weak. That some reply is needed to the chief forms of assault is evident, but we want no raw recruits firing about in the dark. Indeed, we do not want defence of the Bible so much as we want exposition. Let sceptics shatter their lances against adamant, but let us tell the world *what is in the Bible*. Let the grandeur of its truths and spirit be seen and felt, and let it be known that it is an arsenal stored with arms to fight the world's evils. See its rules of life, its exhortations to love, and its bright examples. No book is like it. Not all the classics of all the nations before Christ can be cut to pieces and patched together to form the psalms, or the Sermon on the Mount, or the twelfth chapter of Romans, or the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. Every page glows with wisdom and love. Only open the Book, and let its light shine. Then no sneer and no criticism can harm it. Gold cannot be laughed below its known value, and no wise man can be persuaded to exchange it even for national notes. Let the Bible be seen to be what it is, and it stands in no immediate danger.

For a great number of years we have read the Bible four times every Sunday in our services, and unfolded its beauties and explained its difficulties as best we could; and it is as new and fresh this day as it was forty years ago. Many have admitted that such reading and exposition is the best part of our religious service. The people who wish for other books, for the lessons, are generally those who know least of what the book contains, or do not understand its true meaning. The Bible is a glorious book.

The teachers' work is largely that of exposition and illustration, and it is in their power to do a service far beyond that of replying to Paine or Renan. As Sunday after Sunday its wealth is unfolded, its inestimable worth must be seen. And its worth is the Bible's best defence.

GOOD-BYE.

ORIGINALLY there was much more in some of our common phrases, such as "adieu," "farewell," "good-bye," and other every-day words, than is at present generally understood. We know not who is the writer of the following lines. He has entered into the very spirit of our parting blessing, "Good-bye, may God be with you."

Good-bye, good-bye ! It is the sweetest blessing

That falls from mortal lips on mortal ear,

The weakness of our human love confessing,
The promise that a love more strong
is near.

May God be with you !

Why do we say it when the tears are starting ?

Why must a word so sweet bring only pain ?

Our love seems all-sufficient till the parting,
And then we find it impotent and vain.

May God be with you !

O, may He guide, and bless, and keep you
ever,

He who is strong to battle with your foes !

Whoever fails, His love can fail you never,
And all your need He in His wisdom knows.

May God be with you !

Better than earthly presence e'en the
dearest

Is the great blessing that our partings
bring ;

For in the loneliest moments God is nearest,
And from our sorrows heavenly comforts spring,

If God be with us.

Good-bye, good-bye ! with latest breath
we say it,

A legacy of hope, and faith, and love ;
Parting must come, we cannot long delay
it,

But one in him, we hope to meet
above,

If God be with us !

Good-bye ! 'tis all we have for one another,
Our love, more strong than death, is
helpless still,

For none can take the burden from his
brother,
Or shield, except by prayer, from any
ill.

May God be with you !

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

In 1876 the "Christian Freeman" will contain, as in 1875, Twenty-four pages of matter, 1*½*d. monthly. All orders of 12 copies and upwards shall be sent at One Penny per copy Carriage Free. For one year the "RECORD of UNITARIAN WORTHIES" will be discontinued. These sketches will probably be concluded in 1877. As a suitable INTRODUCTION TO THE VOLUME of UNITARIAN WORTHIES, I propose to devote about Fifty of the pages of 1876 to an Historical Sketch as below. I now beg all who wish to bind the "Unitarian Worthies" into a volume, to preserve the Historical Sketch, which will be properly paged for the binder. Some of the monthly numbers will be complete without the sketch, chiefly those in the earlier part of 1876.

ROBERT SPEARS.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

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WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

PASSPORTS TO HEAVEN.—During the recent disturbances at San Salvador, slips of paper were found upon the bodies of the dead rebels, on which the following words were inscribed:—"Peter, open to the bearer the gates of heaven. He has died for religion."

THE RIGHT ANSWER.—A precocious boy was asked which was the greater evil of the two, hurting another's feelings or his finger. He said the former. Right, my dear child, said the gratified questioner. "And why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" Because you can't tie a rag around them, explained the dear child.

THE ORNAMENTAL FOR THE USEFUL.—*The Exchange and Mart* publishes the following:—"Sermon Case. Violet velvet sermon case, large size, with gold-embroidered monogram on cover, lined with watered silk, very handsome, never been used, cost three-and-a-half guineas. Infants' new short underclothing desired in exchange."

A BIRTHDAY SCENE.—A little fellow the other day might have been seen at one of our factory gates. He was waiting, as his mother had bid him, to meet his father at the gate to give him a little present. It was father's birthday. Ah, what tragedies there are in common life. The father had just fallen from a height and was killed. So the poor little fellow had to return to his home without his father's hand and smile.

THE RIGHT ROAD.—Lord Erskine said, "It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I have always followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth; and I shall point out the same path to my children."

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.—Some time ago a clergyman of the Church of England told his people that "Cain was the first Unitarian." A writer in a North of England paper says:—"The 'Manichaean' were the first who made a profession of that system now called Unitarianism. They made their appearance between the second and third centuries, and, if Tertullian tells the truth, they consisted of 'the simple and the unlearned.'" We would advise the Bible Society to push on its work, and circulate the Scriptures among our own countrymen, that the truth at last may be seen, Jewish patriarchs, law-givers and prophets were all Unitarians.

A NEW ULTRAMONTANE.—The celebrated physiologist, Julius Muller, a Protestant by birth and education, became a zealous Catholic. One day he knelt down in prayer before some relics. Having glanced at them he suddenly jumped up calling out, "For Heaven's sake! These are bones of an ass!" It appears that his anatomical eye perceived that the relics exposed for veneration as the bones of some saint were in reality those of the brute mentioned.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

NEW ZEALAND.—We were always led to suppose that this, from a church-stand-point, was to be a model colony, but we have been a good deal staggered of late by the unseemly strife between rival bishops, and now comes the astounding information that, "According to the census returns, there are 127 denominational distinctions in the colony, the appellations of some of which are very quaint. Take the following for instance:—'Bible-thumpers,' 'Unleavened Brethren of Christ,' 'Progressionists,' 'Old Identity,' 'Evolutionists,' and 'Calathumpians.'"

CHURCH AND STATE.—It was the custom of a clergyman to collect his own salary, for which every voter in town was assessed. Calling upon Mr. D., the blacksmith, one day, he said:—"I have a small bill against you." "And for what?" "For preaching." "For preaching?" said Mr. D., "I have heard none of your preaching." "The fault is your own," said Mr. H. "The doors have been open, and you might have come in." Not long after, as Mr. H. was one day passing the blacksmith's shop, Mr. D., hailing him said, "I have a small bill against you." "And for what?" said Mr. H. "For shoeing your horse," replied Mr. D. "For shoeing my horse? I have had no horse shod here," said Mr. H. "The fault is your own," replied Mr. D. "The doors have been open, and you might have come in." Mr. H. paid the bill, and passed on.—*Congregationalist*.

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